

## The Evening World.

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## CONSERVE VALUES.

**IS IT NOT** about time the United States Government paid some attention to the conduct of the New York Stock Exchange? Federal authority has succeeded in stopping the ruinous practices of the Chicago Board of Trade and speculation in food-stuffs generally.

Why not concern itself with speculation in values?

One great secret of Germany's strength to date has been the German Government's control of values, thanks to which it has not been possible in Germany at least to destroy fortunes and drive capital into panic.

Despite the enormous drain on German financial resources, Germany has so far suffered no economic convulsion.

This is because in Germany none is permitted, not because one is not due.

Here in the United States the reverse condition prevails: No panic is due. There is no excuse for depression of values. On the contrary, seldom has earning power been greater or surer. Seldom have securities showed so high a rate of return in proportion to their cost.

Yet because a thousand men are licensed to play football with these same securities the credit of the country is impaired, the fortunes of individuals are placed in jeopardy and the success of the Liberty Loan itself imperiled.

We need conservation of values as much as we need conservation of food.

If the Stock Exchange cannot restrain itself, then it should be restrained.

Don't regret tomorrow. Register before 10.30 to-night.

## LET THEM THINK TWICE.

**UNLESS** Federal mediators succeed in averting the strikes threatened by marine workers and affiliated labor unions, the Port of New York is likely to find itself, on Nov. 1, suddenly paralyzed for purposes of trade or war.

At the present crisis such a situation is unthinkable. It is estimated that fully 50 per cent. of the harbor work now being done has to do with "shifting vessels for the Government or the carrying of Government freight or freight destined for some of the allied Governments abroad."

Not for a day can the nation afford to have any part of its war activities at this port interrupted.

In the recent case of a threatened longshoremen's strike Federal agents made effective use of the reminder that unless troubles were adjusted and work continued the dock workers might presently see the docks seized by the Government and themselves compelled to work on the Government's own terms.

By this time labor throughout the country should be able to see that bigger issues are at stake than the local recognition of unions.

A large part of the task to which the nation is committed has got to be done right here in the fields and factories, on the railroads and in the ports and harbors of the United States.

If organized labor balks at the job then drafted labor will have to do it—and the drafting will be quick and thorough.

The man who refuses to do his share in work or war is a traitor to his country.

Pay day. How much this week toward a Liberty Bond? Back The Evening World's Bond-at-the-Savings-Bank plan.

## AS THE BALANCE HANGS.

**AS A BRIEF**, sane estimate of how the conflict tends, there has been nothing better of late than a sentence from the speech Mr. Asquith, former British Premier, made at a Liverpool war meeting this week:

Take the Allies as a whole, including America, whose contribution to the common stock becomes every month a factor in the growing certitude—survey the relative powers of endurance of the two sides, measure them by any standard, naval, military or economic, and after you have made allowance for every dubious or hazardous contingency, even for the temporary paralysis of Russia as an aggressive force, can there be doubt that the material, no less than the moral, preponderance rests manifestly and increasingly with our cause?

There can not. And what is more, the truth is beginning to urge itself upon war-weary Germans—even some believed by militarism to have been safely inoculated with its iron.

Who sent J. Pluvius that invitation to New York's water celebration?

## Letters From the People

How to Cut Price of Milk.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 The open letter addressed to milk dealers by the Housewives' Protective Association is direct and to the point. I might add to it these questions: 1. How much are the big dealers spending for imposing edicts of white marble? How much are they spending for automobiles in which their petty officials ride around? How much are they losing daily in broken, lost and stolen bottles? How much is spent in useless deliveries? Why not cut out deliveries to consumers altogether and deliver only to stores? This is how some almost universally with our bread supply. Very few bakers de-

liver to the consumer; at least not the big bakers; and that is why a larger loaf can be bought from the chain stores and from grocers who buy from the big bakers. There is no mystery attached to the high cost of milk, or, for that matter, the cost of many other commodities. It is not the rising cost of production, but the rising cost of keeping the producers and dealers in high-powered cars and fine homes. Traction companies can not pay princely salaries to their executives without raising fares, unless they take it out of the milk's wages. As to milk, there is one sure cure for its high price: a monopoly regulated by the city. Set one price on milk and have one grade only, which has to be furnished regardless of production cost. It works with gas, no matter what the price of coal is or how scarce.

## In the Meantime!

By J. H. Cassel



## The Three Adopted Children

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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**AND** now Helen Anna and O. Margaret have a real father and mother in Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, a little brother, Finley Jr.

All the gold of the Goulds cannot reflect the glow of gladness that shines in that household to-day. In the words of one of the parents:

"We are very happy over our family. They are sweet children and have come into our lives to stay. I never realized before how much difference children make in the home. It's hard to think of the time when they weren't with us."

"Now at last they do belong to us, all three of them. They are to bear the family name and they will share equally in the family estate. Mrs. Shepard and I are very happy about it all."

I wish it were possible for every childless couple to spend a week in this home and learn with this family "how much difference children make in the home."

Many, many of these couples are well able to take care of a child, or perhaps more than one. But usually they are reluctant to adopt them because they think only of the burden and do not realize the blessing.

Yet even more fortunate than the children are this foster father and mother.

To be able to give the advantage of all they can bestow on those they have learned to love, no greater joy has man and woman than this. They know what it means to hear the words "father" and "mother" from dependent little ones.

They appreciate the feeling of tiny clinging fingers. They understand the big joys in little lives. They will see the work of education they have planned carried out, and the result of their efforts bear fruit.

They will make men and women of whom they will be proud, from little children who were charges on the community.

In a world they will watch them grow and grow with them. They will remain youthful because nothing so keeps the spirit of youth alive as to be in close touch with youth.

Ah, yes, the parents are the most fortunate of this family.

Never in the history of the world has the need of adopting little children been more manifest than it is to-day. Thousands upon thousands of children are made orphans in the present world conflict.

Of course they are far away, but here in our own midst the call is just as urgent.

In an investigation of European countries I found that there are more children's institutions in New York and in the United States than in any other country of the world.

The children cared for by the community have had less family life than any other children of the world.

Many, many of these children continue to be public charges as criminals in prisons, and most of them could have been saved by the touch of a sympathetic hand in the home of a good man and woman.

The so-called criminal acts of children are only the acts of misdirected energy. You have but to guide energy properly and it goes in the way that it should.

While we are preaching about patriotic duty, no greater patriotism could be performed than in the care of a little child and assuming the responsibility for a future citizen. Greater because it is not merely a transient, temporary act of patriotism but almost a life work.

If only every couple would reflect on the Finley Shepards and take an active interest in the little waifs who innocently are the sufferers because somebody has failed somewhere, somehow in their direction they would more than do their bit in the world's work.

## Even Dogs and Cats Get Used to War

**BOMBARDMENTS** affect different animals in peculiar ways. Dogs, as a rule, show great distress when shells burst near them and howl piteously. On the other hand, they have been known to dash along the front of a trench during infantry fire, barking and apparently enjoying the noise. Cats do not care whether they are shelled, as long as they have a dry corner and food.

There have been instances of lost dogs and cats venturing into the trenches during an engagement. Some of them lived in cottages near the firing line—long since destroyed—and clung to the remnants of their homes; others strayed a long distance. A nondescript dog, with an Armentieres address on his collar, turned up near

Wythechaete early one morning, spent the day with a Territorial battalion, disappeared at dusk and was never seen again.

A west county yeomanry contingent was adopted in the thick of a fight by a black cat, which survived a bombardment that killed many men, and has since lived sumptuously in billets with an identification disc around its neck.

Regimental mascots appear to have the best time, for they stay in billets, live on the fat of the land and are made much of by the local inhabitants. The pampered terrier of a certain famous regiment of foot guards sits on the top of a transport wagon at the tail of the battalion and barks at all the civilian dogs he

## The Week's Wash By Martin Green

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**"T**HE small registration," remarked the Head Pollster, "appears to be causing the politicians a lot of worry."

"It isn't worrying the real politicians," said the Laundry Man. "A lot of able young lawyers, engineers, theological students, advertising agents, editors residing in New Jersey and Connecticut and others from more or less sedentary and peaceful walks of life have injected themselves into the political situation this year."

"When everybody in town didn't go to the polls and register on the first two days they proceeded to emit loud yaps of alarm and define the failure of voters to register as treason to the Republic."

"It will be found when the figures are tallied on Sunday morning that the registration for 1917 will be up to normal when war and industrial conditions are considered."

"In the first place there are at least 60,000 New York voters in the army and navy. There are 25,000 men between twenty-one and thirty-one in the camp at Yaphank. They have not registered and the 11,000 more who have been selected but not yet voted because they will not be here to vote. There are nearly 600 New York soldiers at Camp Mills, several hundred at the aviation school at Mineola, sev-

eral thousand at officers' camps and various technical military schools throughout the country, and more than 20,000 at Spartanburg. There are thousands of New York boys in khaki in France. Of course, they are not all voters, but it is safe to estimate that they could cast 50,000 votes if they were at home, and most of them will vote in their camps because voting will break the monotony of camp life."

"In the past few months the Government has built up an immense transport service out of New York. This has given employment to thousands of voters who have not registered and will not register; neither will they vote. Big wages in munition plants in nearby cities has drained New York of an army of skilled mechanics who will not register nor vote. Construction work on a vast scale in the Newark Meadows district and on Government structures in New Jersey has taken away several thousand who would ordinarily register."

"This October witnessed the heaviest migration of New Yorkers from one part of the city to another that we have ever seen. A great many of those who moved on Oct. 1 or are moving yet will not register because of the trouble of setting up a new home and hunting up the registration booths at the same time; also we have had baseball games on two of the registration days, and a baseball fan is too tired to register after an exciting afternoon in the ballyard and subsequent rendezvous. Altogether the registration this far has shown anything but a lack of interest in the decision."

"WHAT do you think of Hoover's idea of prohibiting cuffs on pants and pleats and belts on coats?" asked the Head Pollster.

"I am in favor of abolishing the trick coat," replied the laundry man. "But if we are going into the matter of getting down the material in clothing to save wool why not make it a good one? Why not prohibit woolen underwear? Scientists tell us that old newspapers are warmer than wool. Let us line our outside apparel with paper and save laundry bills as well as woolen fabrics. Furthermore there isn't enough wool in the average suit to make much difference, anyhow."

"SEE," said the Head Pollster, "the Ashokan aqueduct is open and we are going to have plenty of water."

"Well," said the Laundry Man, "if the price of bar goods keeps rising we are going to need a lot more water than we have been using for beverage purposes."

## Americans Under Fire

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 25—THE ATTACK ON WASHINGTON—Part I.

**THIS** is a story of the attack on Washington, the story of a black disaster that befell the story of a blow that struck the world nation to fury and made further defeat an impossibility.

For two years our War of 1812 with Great Britain had continued. America had won more of the sea fights; the British most of the land battles. The end seemed many years off.

The war from the first had been popular here. New England had been the heart and soul of the revolution. But New England, in the War of 1812, was fairly crawling with pacifists. And to divers other sections the country had thus far responded but sluggishly to the call to arms.

One serious force ordered to invade Canada had refused continuously to do so, and the cowardly act was applauded. Peace conferences were rife. We needed a mighty shock to awaken us. And we got it.

England, during the first part of the war, had had her hands full with another conflict—the campaign against Napoleon in France. But by 1814 Napoleon was beaten. And Great Britain was free to give us more attention than before. Accordingly, an army of veterans of the Napoleonic wars was sent over here.

Five thousand of these veterans—iron hard warriors who boasted they had not slept under a roof in seven years—were put aboard a fleet of sixty British warships, under command of Gen. Ross and Admiral Cockburn, and sent to attack our capital City of Washington.

The British had waited of more indecisive fighting and had resolved at last to strike at the Republic's very heart. The crisis of the War of 1812 was at hand.

Up the Chesapeake in August, 1814, sailed the sixty English ships. The five thousand veteran soldiers and a body of marines disembarked and marched toward Washington. They seemed to regard the expedition more as a picnic than as a war maneuver.

The Americans had ample time to prepare for the invasion. But at once a series of misadventures set in. Gen. Winder, a revolutionary hold-over, massed about 3,000 troops at Bladensburg to bar the road to Washington. (Part of this force was commanded by Commodore Barney, whose heroic share in the ensuing battle I described in my sea fighters naval series.)

Winder had made fairly wise arrangements for holding back the invading reboas. Whether or not those arrangements could have saved the City of Washington, nobody knows. For they were not carried out. His plans were wrecked by President Madison and by James Monroe, who was then Secretary of War.

Both Madison and Monroe were famed statesmen. But both were woefully ignorant of practical warfare and they lacked the sense to keep from meddling. They came down to Bladensburg from Washington to see the defending army drawn up and to learn how Winder intended to manage his men.

As soon as he outlined his plan to them, they both made noisy objections. They then gave new orders on their own account. As soon as Winder carried out these orders, Madison and Monroe countermanded them and gave others that were still more confusing. By this time poor Winder was so muddled by conflicting directions that his mind was in a turmoil. By this time too the British were so close at hand that Madison and Monroe decided to return at once to Washington. So they bade Winder "do the best he could," and departed. It was too late to set the damage right and to work out an efficient plan of action.

The Americans fought bravely against their stronger foe. But the middle of order could not be straightened out. The confusion of purpose seemed to have spread to the whole army.

The Americans held their ground as well as they might and as long as they might. Barney and his square ably but saved the day. But the odds were too great. The sailors were mowed down. The best of the Yankees—many of them militiamen—were no match for the Napoleonic veterans, and at last, after a hot contest, they broke ground.

Brushing aside Winder's defeated army, the British moved steadily on toward Washington. No obstacle now lay between them and their goal. The next article of this series will describe the use they made of their opportunity.

## The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

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**T**HE sound of animated conversation apprised Mr. Jarr that there were feminine callers as he approached his domicile.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "To-day was to be our meatless day, too. Maybe it being other people's eatless day they have called to take dinner with us."

"It's the Cackleberry girls from Philadelphia," said Mrs. Jarr, meeting him at the door. "And Clara Mudridge-Smith is coming over. Oh, dear!"

"Why the 'oh, dear'?" asked Mr. Jarr, hanging up his hat.

"Because they never meet but they have the catfight fights," Mrs. Jarr explained. "Clara knows the girls well, has met them a half dozen times, but every time they visit me she always pretends she has forgotten them. Clara knows that Jack Silver always calls when the Cackleberry girls are here, and I know she just comes around to make trouble."

"Why let her know the girls are visiting you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr did not answer this. But Mr. Jarr is still suspicious that Mrs. Jarr is not adverse to the role of innocent bystander.

Mrs. Mudridge-Smith bustled in shortly afterward.

"You know the Cackleberry girls, Irene and Gladys?" remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, yes, your dear little rural relatives," replied Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "Daughters of your Uncle Henry of Hay Corners, ahem!"

"Oh, so, Irene and Gladys are city girls—from Philadelphia, you know!" said Mrs. Jarr, coming to the rescue.

"Well, who would have thought it?" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, implying they were very countrybred indeed.

"And we are expecting Jack Silver," said Mrs. Jarr, rushing to the breach for fear the Miss Cackleberrys might resort to violence.

"Whenever the dear girls visit me he is always here! He is so assiduous in his attentions to, ahem, to both of them. He'll be here any minute!"

This was a slap at Mrs. Mudridge-Smith's tenderest emotions. For the expected bachelor had been an old beau of hers and it was well known that although she had not married him she would do all in her power to prevent him paying attention to any one else.

"Jack Silver is so silly!" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith acidly. "And he looks terrible too, worries for fear he will be drafted, when everybody knows he's too old. But the older he gets the more silly he makes himself over all sorts of impossible girls. Of course, my dear, I don't mean you. I am only warning you. Since I throw him over I don't believe he has good sense."

"Did he ever have any?" asked Mrs. Irene Cackleberry.

"I know he is talked about for the way he runs after silly married women," remarked Gladys Cackleberry.

"Of course I don't mean you, my dear Mrs. Schmidt."

The lady she addressed drew back

in anger. "Smith—Mudridge-Smith. If you please," she said.

"How stupid of me, when the name is so COMMON!" said the younger Miss Cackleberry.

How the next attempt to go over the top on the part of either would have resulted will never be known, for Mr. Silver was announced and entered.

"Why, look who's here!" cried the jovial bachelor. "Girls, I am glad you have met my friend, Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. I used to be around in the old days!"

The two Miss Cackleberrys drew themselves coldly aloof.

"You'll excuse us, Mrs. Jarr, won't you?" said the elder in her most frigid tones. "We do not like to be in the way in a meeting of this sort!"

And thus, having placed the worst possible construction on the presence of Mrs. Mudridge-Smith and Mr. Jack Silver, the two young ladies from Philadelphia walked out in maidenly horror, secure in their own innocence amid the pitfalls of a great city.

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## To-Day's Anniversary

**PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS** was the first to occupy the White House, establishing his residence there in 1800, eight years having been spent in the construction of the edifice, for which the cornerstone was laid just a century and a quarter ago to-day, Oct. 13, 1792, in the presence of George Washington.

The choice of the 13th of the month for the ceremony indicates that the first President had no regard for the ancient "thirteen" superstition.

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